Carlyle Connection

"It's a fine beginning"

Former Carlyle House Owner, Decorated WWI Aviator

Jim Bartlinski

For more than two and a half centuries, Colonel John Carlyle's house has been an Alexandria landmark. Despite the estate's historic significance as Major General Edward Braddock's headquarters, Colonel Carlyle's once grand Georgian-Palladian Aquia sandstone mansion fell into disrepair over the one hundred and sixty years following his death in 1780. In 1940, a Northern Virginia businessman by the name of Lloyd Diehl Schaeffer purchased the property and saved Colonel Carlyle's home from the wrecking ball. Schaeffer had a love of history, recognized the historic importance of the site, and operated Carlyle's home as a museum into the 1960s, before selling it to the Northern Virginia Regional Park Authority.

Lt. Lloyd D. Schaeffer's bomber squadron, Escadrille BR-66, c. 1918

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Closer examination of Lloyd Schaeffer's life reveals that he not only had a deep appreciation of history that led him to preserve one of Alexandria's most important structures, but also was himself an active participant in events of major historical significance. While in his early twenties, Schaeffer served with distinction during the First World War as an aviation observation officer assigned to the French Army.

Lloyd Diehl Schaeffer was born October 10, 1895, in the small rural, Carroll County, Maryland town of Westminster, where his father served as postmaster and mayor. As a youth, Schaeffer likely grew up listening to romanticized tales of pitched battles and daring cavalry charges from veterans of America's late Civil War. In addition, since Westminster is only twenty-four miles south of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, a heated cavalry skirmish known as Corbit's Charge was fought in the streets of Schaeffer's hometown during the 1863 Gettysburg Campaign. This event most assuredly was a topic of conversation among the town's inhabitants for years after the war. Hearing these stories of past military glory, coupled with the patriotic fervor that accompanied the United States' entry into the First World War, may have influenced Schaeffer's decision to enlist to fight in what British author and social commentator H. G. Wells referred to as "*The war to end war*."

When the United States entered the war on April 6, 1917, it looked like the adventure of a lifetime for many of America's young men, including the twenty-one year old Lloyd Schaeffer. From factories, farms, coalmines, and universities, they enlisted, answering the rallying call from across the Atlantic to go "*Over There*" and help safeguard democracy. They were hearty lads spoiling for a fight. However, they were green and knew nothing of the grim realities of war. Nevertheless, they were young and felt indestructible. The idea of war as romance was still strong in the United States of 1917. Just over a year of bloody fighting, accompanied by disease and hardship, would make that an outdated notion.

On November 11, 1918, nineteen months after the United States entered the fight, the Allied and Central Powers signed the Armistice. During that period, 323,018 of America's best and brightest young men had been killed, wounded, or were missing. However, for men like Lloyd Diehl Schaeffer, a

strapping idealistic college student who went from the lecture hall to the Western Front, the war would take him to places he had only read about, broadening his view of the outside world, as well as providing for him a sense of his place in history when he returned home.

When America entered the war in April 1917, Lloyd Schaeffer was a senior at Pennsylvania College (now Gettysburg College) and a member of Sigma Chi fraternity's Theta Chapter. Soon after graduation on June 5, 1917, Schaeffer registered for the Selective Service Draft. The recent graduate's draft card describes him as tall, slender built, with grey eyes and black hair. However, it appears that like many of his contemporaries, Schaeffer could not wait for the draft and enlisted with the United States Army on August 22, 1917. Private Schaeffer took off the next day for the Aviation Corps of Princeton University in New Jersey for training in the Army School of Military Aeronautics. At the time Schaeffer joined the Army School of Military Aeronautics, it had been just less than fourteen years since the Wright brothers made their historic flight over the windswept dunes of North Carolina's Outer Banks. Furthermore, just nine years had passed since the United States Army had signed a contract with the Wrights to supply them with airplanes. By entering the Aviation Corps, Private Schaeffer was to become a pioneer in aerial combat.

On Schaeffer's twenty-second birthday, *The Princeton Alumni Weekly* for October 10, 1917 reported that the United States Army had established six aeronautic schools in May 1917. Modeled after Great Britain's Royal Flying Corps schools, these training centers prepared young men like Schaeffer who volunteered for the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps for aerial combat. Seeing the need and value of these schools to the war effort, the War Department selected Princeton as its seventh training center for American aviators. Designated as the Army School of Military Aeronautics at Princeton, it opened its doors to train the Army's new aerial warriors in July 1917. In just two months, the first graduates of the school would be on their way to wage war against the Central Powers in the skies over the trenches of Europe.

While at Princeton, Private Schaeffer received an intensive course of study and physical training that extended over eight weeks. According to *The Princeton Alumni Weekly*, Schaeffer's instruction at the Army School of Military Aeronautics included:

"*… infantry drill, the assembling, disassembling and firing of various types of machine guns, wireless telegraphy* [radio telegraph communications techniques], *construction and operation of all types of airplane motors, construction and rigging of airplanes, military and aerial topography, artillery observation, the theory of flight, meteorology, army regulations, military law and courtesy, organization of the armies of the world, and calisthenics.*"

After graduating from the Army School of Military Aeronautics, the young Marylander most likely attended one of the United States Army's designated flying schools for pilot training, possibly the Princeton Aviation School. When Schaeffer successfully completed his flying lessons, *The Princeton Alumni Weekly* states that cadets like him were "*commissioned an officer in the United States Army's Aviation Section, Signal Corps.*" The article emphasized that "*Only commissioned officers*" were eligible to "*fly for Uncle Sam.*" On November 12, 1917, the United States Army Aviation Section, Signal Corps selected Schaeffer for "*Special Service*" as an aviation observer in the 16th Foreign Detachment Aviation Section, Signal Corps. Eleven days later, the newly commissioned 2nd Lieutenant Lloyd Diehl Schaeffer sailed for France.

The record is unclear on what initially happened to Lieutenant Schaeffer upon his arrival in France. However, on March 11, 1918, he received additional training as a "*student officer*" at the I Army Corps School in Gondrecourt. Three months later, on June 23, 1918, Schaeffer successfully completed his instruction and on the next day, the Army assigned Schaeffer to the Officers Reserve Corps Aviation Section. Before the naive American lieutenant was thrust into the horror and chaos of aerial combat, Schaeffer next attended the 7th Aviation Instruction Center at Clermont-Ferrand for further training. After this additional aerial combat instruction, the tall, slender American was classified an observer-bombardier and "*lent*" to bomber squadron Escadrille BR-66 of the French Army's 12th Escadre on July 7, 1918. BR-66 was to play a support role in the Allied offensives, as well as combating the Imperial German Army's counteroffensives on the Western Front in 1918. The Western Front was the

name applied to the regions in France and Flanders, where the Allied armies faced those of Germany. Fifty-four days after his assignment to BR-66, Schaeffer would be involved in an aerial combat over the trenches of the Western Front that nearly took his life.

The struggle for air supremacy during the First World War was a deadly game. The young aviators of the period became old and wise before their time. The majority of aerial warriors like Lieutenant Schaeffer were only between twenty-one and twenty-four years old. In this waning age of chivalry, aerial warfare was initially seen as a joust between valiant knights of the air. By the time Schaeffer entered the war in 1917, any ideas of gallantry that existed in 1914 when the war began were a distant memory for Europe's combat airmen. Early in the war, an aviator's life expectancy was about five weeks. In 1917, some sources report that once an Allied flyer took off from his aerodrome, his average life expectancy was less than 18 minutes. Lieutenant Lloyd Diehl Schaeffer became a player in this lethal contest, where the prospect of imminent death hung over the aviators like a dark cloud.

When Lieutenant Schaeffer finally saw combat on the Western Front in July 1918, he was flying in state-of-the-art aircraft for the time. Nevertheless, compared to the war birds of the 21st century, they were primitive. The airplanes in which Schaeffer flew were made of thin strips of wood, linen cloth and wire. The aircraft's armament usually consisted of one to three machineguns, and in Schaeffer's case, carried bombs. In October 1917, BR-66 took delivery of the new Bréguet Bre.14 B2 bombers. The B2 bomber was the aircraft that the Allied aircrews had been waiting for since 1916. Designed as a day bomber, this durable two-seater biplane could challenge the deadly German fighters preying upon vulnerable Allied bombers. René Martel who served as an aviation observer with the French during the First World War described the B2 in his 1939, work *L'aviation Française de Bombardement: Des Origines au 11 Novembre 1918*, as "*powerful, stable, but sensitive on the controls, fast climbing, well armed and capable of flying in large formations.*" The B2 gave the French air service the ability to conduct large scale bombing raids against German troop concentrations along the Western Front.

Produced in considerable numbers beginning in the spring of 1917, the Bre.14 B2 (there was also a reconnaissance-fighter version called the A2) had an average speed of 110mph at 6,560ft for a flight time of two and three-quarter hours. Armed with a single fixed Vickers machinegun on the front left side of its fuselage, the B2's pilot had a limited field of fire. However, the observer-bombardier was armed with a two-ring Lewis machinegun mounted on the B2's rear cockpit, which gave him the ability to shoot up, down, and to the rear. The B2 could also be fitted with an additional Lewis gun that fired downwards through a trapdoor in the rear fuselage floor. The B2's bomb rack held thirty-two 17lbs bombs. To assist Schaeffer with aiming his bomb load, he could use the underside trapdoor, as well as two distinctive transparent surveillance panels in the sides of the observer-bombardier's cockpit, features that aided the B2's effectiveness during the Allied offensives of 1918.

In March 1916, Captain Adrien de Kérillis and Sergeant Jaçques Rapin created Escadrille BR-66's distinctive insignia, a stylized reddish orange (occasionally represented as gold) Egyptian falcon with spread wings, sometimes depicted on a sun background. When the escadrille's new B2's arrived in October 1917, BR-66 painted the bombers fabric covered areas in "*the typical French 'light yellow' finish.*" A similar shade of "*light yellow*" covered the metal parts of the plane as well. BR-66 kept its revered emblem and adorned the fuselages of its freshly painted war birds with the eye-catching falcon, an icon that Lieutenant Schaeffer and his escadrille held in the highest regard.

On November 23, 1917, when the twenty-two-year-old American lieutenant first arrived in France, the stalled offensives and counteroffensives had taken their toll on the troops of both the Allied and Central powers. By the end of the year, the opposing armies moved into winter quarters to regroup for the spring campaigns. The negative effects of the bloody stalemate on the morale of the Allies caused the French Army to adopt a defensive posture throughout the winter of 1917-1918. During this final winter of the war, the French also dealt with a serious shortage of troops and even mutiny. To make matters worse, owing to the anticipated large-scale German offensive expected in the early months of 1918, the French had an urgent need of strengthening many of their established entrenched positions along the front.

Meanwhile, on the other side of "*no mans land,*" the German Army spent the winter of 1917-1918 retraining its troops for what would become its last offensives of the war. The spearhead of the German advance penetrated as far as Château-Thierry, only 56 miles from Paris. The Germans could not sustain the offensive due to the lack of supplies, fatigue, and troops. By late June 1918, German strength on the Western Front fell below that of the Allies, and the final Allied assault was not long in coming. Furthermore, the

Unidentified members of Escadrille BR-66 with their Bre.14 B2 bomber. c. 1918

The "Red Baron," Manfred von Richthofen and his "Flying Circus."

Imperial German Army Air Service took a major blow to its morale when the twenty-six year old commander of the renowned "*Flying Circus*," Manfred Albrecht Freiherr von Richthofen, widely known as the "*Red Baron*" because of his aircraft's distinctive red color, died in combat on April 21, 1918. Shot down behind enemy lines, Richthofen was a legend even before his death and received the next day a burial by his foes with full military honors in the cemetery at the village of Bertangles, near Amiens. At the time of his death, Richthofen had 80 confirmed kills to his credit, more than any other airman of the war.

The arrival of a large number of fresh troops to the front lines in early 1918, courtesy of General John J. "*Black Jack*" Pershing and his American Expeditionary Force (AEF), boosted the Allies' spirits tremendously. The influx of AEF soldiers not only meant the Allies had the ability to withstand the impending German offensive but also had the resources to launch a major counteroffensive that would drive the war weary enemy back to the Fatherland. The Allies launched a series of offensives against the Germans on the Western Front from August to November 1918, known collectively as the "*Hundred Days Offensive*." The final Allied offensive began on August 8, 1918, and resulted in the Germans relinquishing all of the ground taken during their spring offensive, the eventual collapse of the Hindenburg line, and the capitulation of the German Empire on November 11, 1918. BR-66 and Lieutenant Schaeffer were active participants in this final offensive of the war.

Within a week of his assignment to BR-66, Schaeffer saw his first combat. At the start of the Aisne-Marne Offensive, on July 15, 1918, Escadrille BR-66 flying their new Bréguet Bre.14 B2 bombers took part in destroying enemy bridges across the Marne River to impede the German advance. Seventy-five miles northeast of Paris, the Aisne-Marne region of France encompasses a triangular area bounded by Château-Thierry, Soissons, and Reims. Taking control of the Aisne-Marne sector was crucial to the German Army's last-ditch effort to take Paris and win the war. The French and British armies needed more help, and, as it happened, two divisions of American "*Doughboys*" had just arrived in France and joined their allies at the front. The Allied forces held firm, sending the Germans in full retreat.

In a July 1918 letter to his mother back in Westminster, Maryland, Lieutenant Schaeffer described a bombing raid near Château-Thierry that he participated in during the Aisne-Marne Offensive. The still wet behind the ears lieutenant tells the tale of this sortie as if this lethal drama was instead an exciting adventure:

"*Just to tell you that while the big drive is on and we are fighting like h---, I am still all right. We go over the lines every day, once in the morning and again in the afternoon. Recently we patrolled 'No Man's Land' at a very low altitude and had an exciting battle with seven Fokker triplanes. I was fortunate again to get off without a scratch. It was an exciting trip. I never expected to see so much of the battle in an actual advance. There were about 100 machines in the bunch, and it seems we must have wiped out a division, as our bombs looked like rain falling, and it would seem impossible to escape them, as we covered miles.*

"*We had orders to bomb at a very low altitude this morning and carried a full load of bombs. Just before we reached the lines (we were then about 5,000 feet high) we ran into clouds, and while coming down we struck a Hun patrol and the best fight I have seen yet took place. We beat them off and kept on down, when we ran into anti-aircraft guns, which started to shoot, and shrapnel kept bursting all around us until we reached our object. We then returned to our base safely after we dropped tons of bombs on troops massed below, and arrived home with 30 holes in my plane*."

A month after the bombing raid near Château-Thierry, Escadrille BR-66 took part in the Second Battle of the Marne, the last campaign on the Chemin des Dames River. The Second Battle of the Marne occurred between August 2 and October 10, 1918. During this action, BR-66 patrolled the sector from Amiens to Soissons and along the Chemin des Dames. Close to the end of the first month of the Marne offensive, Lieutenant Lloyd Diehl Schaeffer was involved in a fierce dogfight near the ancient Picardy town of Soissons while flying in his "*French yellow*" Bre.14 B2 bomber. This engagement not only earned Schaeffer a few medals, but it also nearly cost the gutsy Marylander his life.

About 60 miles northeast of Paris sits the town of Soissons. Contested over for centuries by invading armies, the small village was once again the site of heavy fighting. It was on August 29, 1918 in the skies over Soissons where Schaeffer, the now veteran combat aviator of nine bombing sorties and several observation missions, faced the German

Army Air Service's celebrated Jagdgeschwader 1 or JG-1, better known as the "*Flying Circus*." Also nicknamed "*Richthofen's Circus*" and the "*Traveling Circus*" because its fighter planes' had bright and distinctive color schemes for easy identification during dogfights, JG-1 had an impressive combat record as well. From June 1917 until November 1918, JG-1 claimed 644 Allied aircraft destroyed, while losing just 52 pilots killed in action, including the legendary "*Red Baron*," Manfred von Richthofen. After Richthofen's death in April 1918, Wilhelm Reinhard became JG-1's commanding officer. Following Reinhard's death in a flying accident in July 1918, Hermann Göring became JG-1's last commander of the war (Göring would go on to command Nazi Germany's Luftwaffe during the Second World War). Although no longer commanded by Richthofen in August 1918 when Schaeffer and BR-66 went up against JG-1, the notorious German squadron with its colorfully painted aircraft was still a formidable opponent under Göring's leadership.

Croix de Gurre with Palm c. 1918

A brief but dramatic account of observer-bombardier Lieutenant Schaeffer's August 29, 1918 encounter with JG-1 appeared in the Tuesday, October 22, 1918 edition of *The Baltimore News*. The paper carried a column named for the famed American composer George M. Cohan's rousing anthem of the war "*Over There*." In this column, readers received news of local boys at the front. Sometimes this war news was presented to the public in the soldiers' own words. It was a time-honored practice for newspapers to publish excerpts from letters to inform its subscribers of happenings both at home and abroad. During the First World War, papers like *The Baltimore News* continued this tradition of sharing letters written home by soldiers from the front with their subscribers. Their correspondence provide personal accounts of the war as seen through the eyes of the combatants, as is illustrated in this published report of Schaeffer's heroism and brush with death:

"*The first Carroll county soldier to get the Croix de Guerre and perhaps the first Maryland airman to win it is Lieut. Lloyd Schaefer of Westminster, whose exploit was described in The News some days ago. Lieutenant Schaefer writes his mother, Mrs. Mary Myers:*

"'I knew you would like to hear from me since you learned of my being wounded in a battle with 15 Boche machines. I have one arm shot up very badly, two bullets went into my back and came out at my shoulder and badly shattered it, my right leg has two bullets through it, one through the knee and the other at the calf, altogether eight holes in all in me. My machine caught fire, but thank God I landed over in France and was safe from capture. My plane had 56 holes shot through it. I am at present in a hospital in France. When I am able will go back after the Boche stronger than ever'."

The reporter writing the column makes it a point to mention at the end of the piece that, "*Lieutenant Schaefer volunteered at the beginning of the war.*"

As indicated in the "*Over There*" feature in the October 1918 edition of *The Baltimore News*, Lieutenant Lloyd Diehl Schaeffer received the Croix de Guerre or "*War Cross*" for his heroism that fateful August day. The French government awarded the Croix de Guerre to military personnel mentioned in dispatches for bravery. Lieutenant Schaeffer's Croix de Guerre came with a "*Palm*." The palm indicates that the Maryland lieutenant received the highest grade of the award for his bravery. Schaeffer's service record confirming his heroics reads as follows:

"*An officer observer of the greatest valor. In the course of a combat on August 29, 1918, he showed the finest qualities of coolness,* [decisiveness] *and courage. Attacked by a patrol of fifteen planes and seriously wounded at the beginning of the fight he nevertheless continued to fire on his adversaries forcing one of them to descend disabled."*

The French went on to bestow other honors on the intrepid Yank for his service.

In his letter, Lieutenant Schaeffer uses the term "*Boche*" to distinguish the nationality of the fifteen aircraft he engaged in combat. The young lieutenant and the Allies used derogatory terms like "*Boche*," "*Hun*," and "*Fritz*" to identify Germans, particularly soldiers of the Kaiser's armed forces during the war. The hospital the wounded warrior refers to was likely one of the many field hospitals setup at the front to care for the injured before being sent to the rear for further care. Soon after Lieutenant Schaeffer wrote this short account of his experience, he found himself on the way to a hospital in Paris. The correspondence that follows this earlier letter indicates that Schaeffer's injuries were much more serious than he knew or led his mother to believe. Consequently, the Westminster native would not be able to "*go back after the Boche*" for revenge as he had hoped. For the action that took place over Soissons would be Schaeffer's last of the war.

In a subsequent letter, dated September 13, 1918, from a hospital in Paris to an anxious mother back in Carroll County, Maryland, the severely wounded Schaeffer provides

a more detailed glimpse into the aerial combat that unfolded over Soissons on August 29, 1918. Written a little more than two weeks after his fight with the fifteen German planes, Schaeffer reveals the seriousness of his injuries. As with his previous correspondence, this latest account appears in the local papers, too. In this letter, Lieutenant Schaeffer again attempts to alleviate the fears concerning his health to a worried parent by relating to her how his wholesome upbringing is contributing to his recovery. Additionally, the Pennsylvania College graduate, class of 1917, tells how despite his wounds and his resulting painful treatments, he and his comrades in arms are taking in the sights of Paris. Schaeffer also makes it a point to let his mother know that he was in combat with no ordinary German squadron; it was the "*famous Travelling Circus.*" Lieutenant Schaeffer's obvious pride in going head to head with the Hermann Göring led JG-1 comes through very strong in this correspondence. Overall, the battle-hardened airman gives a candid, though slightly modest, account of his heroics and the medals he may receive for his action that day. Schaeffer also speculates on what will happen to him next:

Unidentified downed Bre.14 B2 bomber of Escadrille BR-66, c. 1918

"*At last I can write you a few lines, and will try to tell you something about my case. As you know Fritz shot me down and made a pretty good job of it. In fact, he put five bullets through me, one through my ankle, one above my knee, one through my arm, and last but not least two through my back, which struck my shoulder blade and broke it, then tore up something inside of me, as it was an explosive. The doctors at once sewed me up, and I can tell you that no one thought I would live, but they sent me into Paris to an American Officers Hospital and after a few days they discovered the wounds in my back were starting to poison me, so they had to rip my back open, and every morning dress it and I suffer tortures of the damned. I have never suffered so much in all my life. I shot my man and forced another out of the fight, and I was fighting the famous 'Traveling Circus' at that time, which is some feat. Will receive from the French a Palm or two, also the French Blesse Medal and am sure proud of it. The boys brought me the gold- our Escardre insignia with which I am tickled to death. I suppose I will be laid up for a few months yet, it has been sixteen days now since I was shot and believe me I can pull through. All my leg wounds are healed up, and my arm is doing well, but my back is still nasty. They are trying to save my arm, as it seems there is something broken that works my shoulder. The boys think I will be sent to the States to lecture, I don't know. In a few days they are going to sew my back up, and the Lord knows that I can't stand any more, as I am losing my nerve. I had the unique experience of seeing Paris in an ambulance as they rode me all through Paris coming into the hospital and it was so funny. Yesterday some of the officers and myself went for a short walk as I wanted to get my strength back in my leg and we walked the streets of Paris in pajamas. Gee, but we had lots of fun, and I am going to try to go to a theatre. I can move around fine as my legs are O.K. They seem to want me to move around and I feel so much better when I do. The hospital is in the Latin quarter of Paris, and we see some queer sights and enjoy the fine walks. The doctors say my physical condition was perfect and it is due to that I will pull through, so mother I have you to thank that you let me run as a kid and did not make a Sis of me. Well, good night dear folks, and don't worry as I will be fine soon.*"

In this letter, the wounded lieutenant elaborates on the seriousness of his injuries, in particular the one to his shoulder. Schaeffer states that bullet that shattered his shoulder blade was an "*explosive*." This is not surprising; both sides used exploding as well as incendiary ammunition during the war. Because of its ability to down enemy aircraft quickly, aviators favored this type of ammunition, particularly those daring pilots who went after the volatile airships and observation balloons. In his letter home, Lieutenant Schaeffer also speaks with pride of receiving the "*French Blesse Medal*." The medal Schaeffer is referring to is the Insigne des Blessés Militaires (emblem of military wounds), presented to those soldiers injured in the line of duty. Awarded to Schaeffer for the multiple wounds he received from his fight against the fifteen enemy planes, the Insigne des Blessés Militaires is the French equivalent of the American Purple Heart.

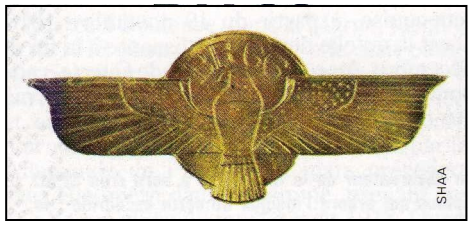
The "*American Officers Hospital*" where the wounded Schaeffer was convalescing is, in all likelihood, the Val-de-Grâce Military Hospital in the Latin Quarter district of Paris. However, Schaeffer's service record refers to him as a "*Patient at Hosp AEF* [American Expeditionary Force]." The Val-de-Grâce Military Hospital is the strongest candidate because it specialized in reconstructive surgery and Schaffer needed multiple surgeries for his shoulder wound. The location of Val-de-Grâce would afford the pajama-clad sightseer the opportunity to explore Paris's Latin Quarter, as

well as a chance to take in a show. For a boy from rural Carroll County, Maryland, the "*City of Lights*" dazzled his senses. The fact that the twenty-three-year-old acknowledges the "*queer sights*" he encountered is evidence that he was amazed by what he saw. Schaeffer likely did not elaborate on the curious scenes to spare his Presbyterian parents any embarrassment and disappointment in their son. Schaeffer's parents may have asked themselves the same question posed in the popular American song from 1918, "*How ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Paree*?"

The French again honored Schaeffer with a second Croix de Guerre for his service as a member of Escadrille BR-66. This subsequent Croix de Guerre came with a bronze star. The American lieutenant's service record justifies the awarding of the bronze star with the following remarks:

"*A very brave observer who distinguished himself during the course of nine bombardments of the field of battle executed with admirable courage and* [composure]. *Each time he brought back important information concerning the movements of the enemy. He was always ready and always volunteered for all missions*."

However, the award that probably meant the most to Lieutenant Schaeffer was the one bestowed upon him by the men he flew with in Escadrille BR-66. While recovering from his wounds in Paris, the American lieutenant received a visit from members of his squadron. During their visit, Schaeffer recounts with pride how "*The boys brought me the gold - our Escardre insignia with which I am tickled to death.*" One reason for Schaeffer's excitement over his comrades presenting him with BR-66's Egyptian falcon insignia is that he had the distinction of being one of just two Americans to receive the honor. The second reason for his elation is more profound. To a warrior, acceptance by brothers-in-arms is paramount. When Lieutenant Schaeffer first arrived at BR-66's aerodrome, the escadrille's French aviators likely snubbed the tall inexperienced American. By proving himself fearless in the heat of battle, Schaeffer's fellow airmen knew he was someone they could count on when the going got tough. Consequently, by conferring the falcon insignia on Schaeffer, the French members of the squadron symbolically accepted him as an equal member of BR-66.



Escadrille BR-66's Egyptian Falcon Insignia

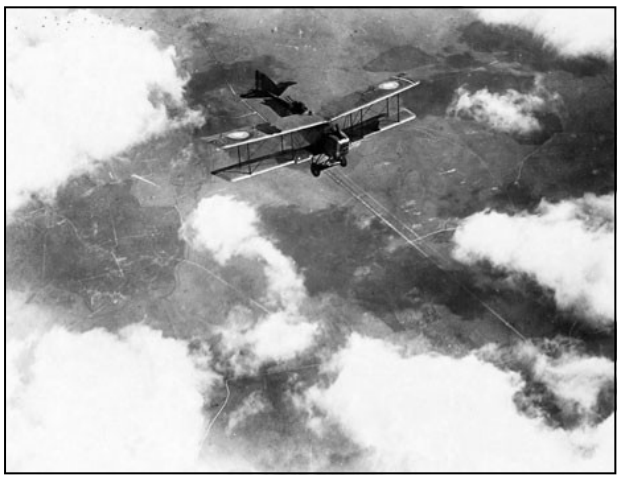
With the signing of Armistice on November 11, 1918, the war was over. Recovered enough from his wounds to travel, Lieutenant Schaeffer left for the United States. Arriving home on December 28, 1918, the decorated airman had been overseas just five days shy of thirteen months. Needing additional medical treatment, the Army admitted Schaeffer into Debarkation Hospital No. 2, at Fox Hills, New York. Shortly afterwards he was transferred to General Hospital No. 41, also at Fox Hills. Schaeffer returned to his home state when the Army moved him to the "*Base Hosp*[ital]" at Camp Meade, Maryland (now Fort George G. Meade) for further rehabilitation. Completing his treatment at the base hospital, Schaeffer found himself assigned to the 154th Depot Brigade at Camp Meade. Schaeffer was with the 154th Depot Brigade until February 28, 1919. Within two months of leaving the 154th, Lieutenant Lloyd Diehl Schaeffer received an honorable discharge from the United States Army on April 9, 1919. Schaeffer was again a civilian and was anxious to move forward with his life.

The First World War changed the world forever. Nowhere was that change felt more acutely than in isolationist America, where farm boys and city boys alike had been brought up to live simple, straightforward lives, where all questions had black and white answers. Once they had faced death and seen hell, the old ways had to change.

Now that doughboys were returning from war with a taste of Paris under their belts, life could never be the same. After experiencing the horrors of combat and the temptations of Paris, how could Lloyd Schaeffer and the other veterans be expected to return to the old-fashioned ideas and pre-war conditions awaiting them back home? Some of those returning soldiers experienced a sense of morale loss, aimlessness, and a loss of faith in the American way of life. Gertrude Stein, American writer and eccentric, called these men the "*Lost Generation*." Ernest Hemingway popularized the term and many of the characters in his and F. Scott Fitzgerald's novels exhibited these attributes.

Lloyd Diehl Schaeffer did not fit the mold of the "*Lost Generation*." Instead, he returned a man who loved his country, appreciated its past, and believed in its future. Schaeffer responded to his return home by taking advantage of all the opportunities his country offered. The decorated veteran returned to his hometown of Westminster and wearing his uniform proudly, he served as the grand marshal for the town's Fourth of July parade in 1919. That same year Schaeffer joined the Sons of the American Revolution. In 1923, he moved to Washington, D.C., got married, and raised a family and involved himself in his Presbyterian church, the Masons, and in several businesses, including the museum business. In 1940, twenty-two years after his return from the Western Front, Lloyd Schaeffer purchased the Carlyle House and operated it as a museum until 1969, before selling it to the Northern Virginia

Regional Park Authority. Schaeffer died ten years later, at the age of 83. The decorated veteran of the First World War most assuredly should get credit for his work in preserving one of Alexandria's most important historic landmarks for generations to learn from and enjoy. It is also essential that Schaeffer's legacy of duty, sacrifice, and service to the country he loved is never forgotten. It is a legacy that can serve as an example for future generations of Americans to learn from and follow.



Bréguet Bre.14 B2 bomber over the Western Front.

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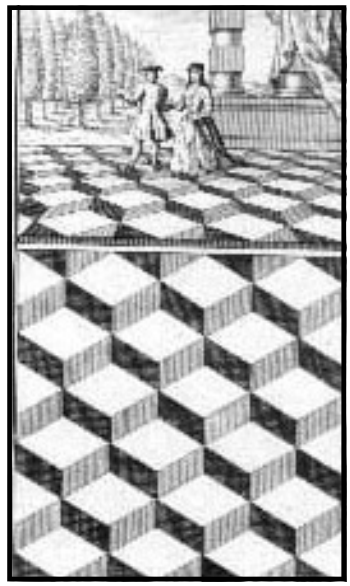
News From the Curator

Sarah Coster

New Floorcloth for Colonel Carlyle's Study

The museum is pleased to announce the arrival of our new floorcloth from Canvasworks Floorcloths in Vermont. The new floorcloth's pattern comes from John Carwitham's *Various Kinds of Floor Decorations…* The book, published in London in 1739, has illustrations of 24 plates of popular patterns for floorcloths. The "Tumbling Blocks" pattern of the museum's new floorcloth is one of the more complicated and eye-catching.



The gold and black color scheme the museum chose is documented in a circa 1800, folk painting of a girl and her dog standing on a floorcloth. Since few examples of 18th-century floorcloths survive, the museum relied on documentary evidence and paintings to glean what colors and patterns may have been used during Carlyle's lifetime.